

THE STORY OF THE BACK-ROOM WINDOW.

We live in a world of busy passions. Love and hate, sorrow and joy, in a thousand shapes, are forever near us. Death is at our threshold. Life springs up almost at our feet. Our neighbors are "Exultations, Agonies!" And yet we seem to live on, ignorant of all.

Could we but unroof the houses which, day after day, present towards us so insensible an aspect, what marvels might we not disclose! What fruitful thoughts, what radiant visions, would throng into our brain! The mystery of human conduct would lie unveiled. We should see and know all men truly. We should see the miser, the spendthrift, the scholar, the toiling artisan, the happy bride, and the girl deserted, all contributing their share to the unknown romance, which time is forever weaving round us. As it is, each of them spins out its little thread, and dies; almost unknown, and soon forgotten; unless some curious accident should arise, to extend his influence in another region, or to hold his "fame" in suspension, twenty years after his coffin had been lowered into the dust.

It was some such change as I have just adverted to, that threw into our knowledge certain facts regarding a neighboring family, which else had probably slipped very quietly into oblivion. You will observe that what I am now about to relate is, almost literally, a fact.

Some years ago, we lived, you know, in Square. The room in which we usually dwelt was at the back of the house. It was spacious, and not without some pretension to the graceful; the marble chimney-piece being distinguished by a painting by Cipriani, whilst on the ceiling were scattered some of the conventional elegancies of Angelica Kaufman. From the windows, which occupied the northern extremity of the room, we looked (to the left of a large oriental plane) upon the bank of a crescent of houses—the points of the arc receding from us.

In the centre of this crescent, was a house which had for a long time been untenanted. Whilst its neighbor dwellings were all busy with life and motion, this only was, for some reason, deserted. We were beginning to speculate on the causes of this accident, and to pity the unhappy landlord, whose pockets were lamenting the lack of rent, when suddenly—it was on an April morning—we perceived for the first time, signs of change. The windows of the deserted mansion were opened, and workmen were seen bustling about its different rooms. There was an air of preparation, evidently, which announced an incoming tenant.

"Well," said —, "at last that unhappy man has discovered some one bold enough to take his haunted house; or, perhaps, after all, he is merely endeavoring to decoy the unwary passenger. We shall see!"

A few weeks determined the question: for, after having the house duly cleansed and beautified, and the odor of the paint suffered to fade away, various articles of furniture were brought into the rooms. These were of moderate price, and explained to us that the new tenant was a person of respectable station, but not rich. We began to feel a wish to know "what manner of man" he was. Our interest in the once empty house has received a new impulse; and we looked out, day after day, for the stranger's arrival.

At last, a young man, of lively and agreeable presence, was one morning seen giving directions to a female servant, about the disposition of the furniture. This was evidently the master of the mansion. He stayed for half an hour, then departed; and repeated his short visit daily. He was probably a clerk in some public office—a merchant or professional man—whose time was required elsewhere. But, why did he not reside there? That was a problem we strove to solve in vain. In the end, he went away altogether:

"Each morn we missed him in th' accustomed room."

And now no one, except the solitary maid, was seen. Throwing open the windows at morning, to let in the vernal May; closing them at night; rubbing with a deliberate hand the new furniture; gazing at the unknown neighborhood; or sitting listlessly in the afternoon, "imparaded" in rustic dreams, she appeared to be the sole spirit of the spot. Our imaginations were not satisfied, and we looked forward to another comer.

We were not disappointed. After the lapse of a fortnight from the young man's departure, our inquisitive eyes discovered him again. He was sitting at breakfast, with a lady by his side. Pretty, young, neat, and attired from head to foot in white, she was evidently a bride. We rushed at once upon this conjecture; and certain tender manifestations on the husband's leave taking, confirmed us in our opinion.

He went away; and she, left to herself, explored, as far as we could observe, all the rooms of the house. Every thing was surveyed with a patient admiration; every drawer opened; the little book-case contemplated, and its slender rows of books all, one by one, examined. Finally, the maid was called up, some inquiries made, and the survey recommenced. The lady had now some one to encourage her open expressions of delight. We could almost fancy that we heard her words: "How beautiful this is! What a comfortable sofa! What a charming screen! How kind, how good, how considerate of —!"

It was altogether a pretty scene.

Let us pass over the autumn and winter months. During a portion of this time, we ourselves were absent in the country; and, when at home, we remember but little of what happened. There was little or no variety to remark upon; or possibly our curiosity had become somewhat abated.

At last, spring came, and with it a thousand signs of cheerfulness and life. The plane put forth its tender leaves; the sky grew blue overhead (even in London)—and the windows of the once melancholy house shone blushing with many flowers. So May passed, and June came on, with its air all rich with roses. But the lady!—Ah! her cheek now waxed pale, and her step grew weak and faltering. Sometimes she ventured into her small garden (when the sun shone upon it): at other times she might be seen, wearied with needle work, or sitting languidly alone; or when her husband was at home, before and after the hours of business, she walked a little, leaning on him for support. His devotion increased with her infirmity.

It was curious to observe how love had tamed the high and frolicsome spirit of the man. A joyous, and, perhaps, common manner became serious and refined. The weight of thought lay on him—the responsibility of love. It is thus that in some natures, love is wanting to their full development. It raises, and refines, and magnifies, the intellect, which else would remain trivial and prostrate. From a seeming barrenness, the hu-

man mind springs at once into fertility—from vagueness into character—from dullness into vigor and beauty, under the "charming wand" of love. But let us proceed:

On a glittering night in August, we saw lights flashing about the house, and people hurrying up and down, as on some urgent occasion. By degrees the tumult subsided—the passing backwards and forwards became less frequent—and at last tranquillity was restored. A single light burning in an upper window, alone, told that some one kept watch throughout the night. The next morning (we were told) the knocker of the house was shrouded in white leather; and the lady had brought her husband a child! We drank to its health in wine.

For a few days quiet hung upon the house. But it was doomed speedily to depart. Hurry and alarm came again. Lights were seen once more flickering to and fro. The physician's carriage was heard. It came—and departed. The maid now held her apron to her eyes. The husband, burying his face in his hands, strove (unavailing) to hide a world of grief.

Ere long, the bed-room window was thrown open—the shutters of the house were closed—and in a week a hearse was at the door. The mystery was but clear—she was dead!

She died! No poet ever wove around her the gaudy tissue of his verse. The grave she sleeps in is probably nothing more than the common mould. Her name even is unknown. But what of this? She lived, and died, and was lamented. The proudest can boast of little more! She made the light and happiness of one mortal creature, fond and fragile, like herself. And for a name—a tomb—alas! for all the purposes of love, nothing is wanted save a little earth—nothing but to know the spot where the beloved one rests forever. We fear, indeed, to give the creature whom we have hoarded in our hearts to the deep and ever shifting waters—to the oblivion of the sea! We desire to know *where* it is that we have laid our fading treasure. Otherwise, the pilgrimage is as easy (and as painful) to the simple church-yard billock, as to the vault in which the king reposes. The gloomy arches of stately tombs—what are they to the grandeur of the overhanging heavens! and the cold and ghastly marble, how poor and hideous it is, in comparison with the turf whereon many a daisy grows!

THE BLISS OF HOME.

BY THOS. H. SHREVE.

Mine be the joy which gleams around
The hearth where pure affections dwell—
Where love, enrobed in smiles, is found,
And wraps the spirit with its spell.

I would not seek excitement's whirl,
Where pleasure wears her tinsel crown
And Passion's billows upward curl,
'Neath hatred's darkly gathering frown.

The dearest boon from Heaven above,
Is bliss which brightly hallows home;
'Tis sunlight to the world of love,
And life's pure wine without its foam.

There is a sympathy of heart
Which consecrates the social shrine,
Robs grief of gloom, and doth impart
A joy to gladness all divine.

It glances from the kindling eye,
Which o'er Affection sleepless tends—
It gives deep paths to the sigh
Which anguish from the bosom rends—

It plays around the smiling lip,
When Love bestows the greeting kiss,
And sparkles in each cup we sip
Round the domestic board of bliss!

Let others seek in wealth or fame,
A splendid path wherein to tread—
I'd rather wear a lowlier name,
With love's enchantments round it shed.

Fame's but a light to gild the grave,
And Wealth can never calm the breast—
But Love, a halycon on Life's wave,
Hath power to soothe its strifes to rest.

DEATH-BED OF MADAME POMPADOUR.

The thoughts of vanity, in the example chosen by the poet, extended to appearances after death; vanity is not inactive in the dying hour. But here we should look for proof to the precincts of courts, to the scene where folly used to reign by prescriptive right, where the ample means of gratification permitted no obstacles to indulgence. The foibles of the poor are bounded by their poverty, the vices of humble life are concealed in the obscurity of neglect and oblivion. To trace the display of vanity, triumphant in the hour of mortality, observe the voluptuaries whom the pride of opulence has rendered indifferent to decorum. Enter the palaces, where caprice gives law, and pleasures consume life. The idle fool has leisure for folly; and the fit lasts to the latest moment. Go there, and observe the harlot's enthusiasm. The French Court was at Choisey, when Madame de Pompadour felt the pangs of a mortal malady. It had been the established etiquette, that none but princes and persons of royal blood, should breathe their last in Versailles. Proclaim to the day circles of Paris, that a thing new and unheard of is to be permitted. Announce to the world that the rules of palace propriety and Bourbon decorum are to be broken! Open, ye palace doors for the king's favorite mistress! Ye chambers, where vice has fearlessly lived and laughed, but not been permitted to expire, be ye now the witnesses of the novel scene.

The marchioness questioned the physicians firmly; she perceived their hesitation; she felt the hand of death; and she determined, says the historian, to depart in the state of a queen. Louis XV. himself, not capable of a strong emotion, was yet eager to concede to his dying friend the consolation which she coveted, the opportunity to reign till her last gasp. The courtiers thronged round the death-bed of a woman, who distributed favors with the last exhalations of her breath; and the king hurried to name to public offices the persons whom she recommended with the faltering accents of departing life. The sick chamber was a scene of state; the princes and grandees still entered to pay their homage to a woman, whose power did not yield to mortal disease, and were surprised to find her richly attired. The traces of death in her countenance were concealed by rouge. She reclined on a splendid couch; questions of public policy were discussed by ministers in her presence; she gloried in holding to the last reins of the kingdom in her hands. Even asyophant clergy showed respect to the expiring favorite; and felt no shame at sanctioning with their frequent visits the vices of a woman, who had entered the palace only as an adulteress. Having complied with the rights of the Roman church, she next sought the approbation of the philosophers. She listened no word of penitence; she shed no tears of regret. The curate left her as she was in the agony: "Wait a moment," said she, "we will leave the house together."

The dying mistress, still able to distribute favors, may ensure obedience; the dead are disre-

garded by the selfish. Hardly had she expired, but the scene changed. Two domestics carried out her body on a hand-barrow from the palace to her private home. The king stood at the window as her remains were carried by. "The Marchioness will have bad weather on her journey."

It is a common remark that the ruling passion displays itself in the last hour. The flickering lamp blazes with unusual brightness just as it expires. "The fit gives vigor as it destroys." He who has but a moment remaining, is released from the common motives for dissimulation; and time, that lays his hand on everything else, destroying beauty, undermining health, and wasting the powers of life, spares the ruling passion, which is connected with the soul itself. That passion

—sticks to our last sand,
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest nature ends as she begins.

PROSPECTUS OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

Under the auspices of the "Native American Association of the United States," the subscriber proposes to publish a paper with the above title at Washington City.

The object of this paper will be the repeal of the Naturalization Law, the re-establishment of the declining character of the Native American, and to assert those rights guaranteed to us by the charter of the Revolution, and re-secured by the brilliant victories of the late war.

In stating the objects of this publication, we imply the existence of a party adverse to these interests so established; and the history of latter days, warrants the belief, that such a party is in existence, but it is one which we must meet and combat on the threshold of our country. The political revolution which we witness in England, and which is extending itself gradually, but surely, over the continent of Europe, is one indicative of the restless and daring spirit of the age. A contest between the aristocratic and democratic principles, in which the crumbling but still gigantic power of hereditary right, is vainly opposing itself to the right of the people to be heard in the Legislative Councils, in proportion to their numbers. Out of these two great parties, the Whigs and Conservatives or Tories, has sprung another powerful body, called Radicals, equally obnoxious to both of the two chief contending parties. The Conservatives fear it with a shuddering and overwhelming fear; and the Whigs, who go for liberal, but not destructive reform, dread this third estate in the realm, because it is composed of the violent elements of society, and disposed to go to the lengths of a revolution or a civil war: consequently, it is the object with both Whigs and Tories, to rid the country of this dangerous intermediate party, and no other surer means is offered than to ship them to our shores. Hence the overwhelming arrival of emigrants. It is nonsense to talk of their innate love of the "democratic principle;" they are nothing more nor less than the materials with which factious leaders in England had determined to overthrow peace and government; track the land with their bloody footsteps; and pollute every consecrated avenue, leading to the edifice of the British laws. In future numbers of this paper, it will be the duty of its conductor, to substantiate these charges by proofs derived from English writers, and explain the anomaly of a civilized country deluging a land with which it is at peace, by treaty and interest, with the most terrible means of legal and political destruction.

Leaving their own land trembling with the electric elements of a great political storm, branded by the good and patriotic, destitute of principle, anxious for power as the means of wealth, regardless of the ties of civil restraint, reared in the Lazarhouses of overtaxed and discontented parishes, hated and detested from their youth to their maturity, these vast hordes of modern Huns, place their feet upon our soil, ignorant of our customs, regardless of our laws, and careless of those great cementing qualities that bind us together a united and happy people.

To counteract evil influence, arising from whatever cause, the public press has been found at all times, since the glorious era of its discovery, an efficient agent. Its influence goes forth upon the four winds of heaven, and its high voice is heard in the four quarters of the earth. Its eloquence rings in the congregated councils of nations, and it speaks as a Prophet and a Preacher, to the oppressed of all climes. Its influence is felt in proportion to the cause it advocates. All times have tested its power—all causes have acknowledged its aid—and it is now proposed, that the cause of our country and our countrymen, should be supported and made manifest through this great organ.

The times are ripe for our purpose. The system with England to flood this country, has proved of advantage to her taxed landholders—her impoverished parishes—to her government, her aristocracy, and her king. Her ministry have determined to eradicate an evil, not by the enactment of a salutary law, but by the perpetration of an outrage and an injury. The other nations of Europe and the Eastern World, will, and are following, her example. India and China will doubtless take the epidemic of emigration, and to secure themselves against the chances of a plague, the filthy victims of the wrath of heaven, will be shipped to our hospitable shores.

To help to stay this desecrating tide, will be our high and chiefest aim, and we appeal to the well-judging of all parties, to aid us in the undertaking. In this cause we recognise no minor creed. We look not at the mansion of our President, with an ambition to place any particular individual there; but our eyes will be kept steadfast to the rock of American principles. We will see nothing but the banner of our native land streaming over the extreme confines of our country, and to our ears will come no other prayer than the true American worship, around the altar of American liberty.

The minor objects of the paper will be the advancement of our own indigenous literature; and while we are willing and ready to pay the highest tribute of merited respect to the literature of other lands, we will not do it at the expense of a native, whose works are not read, because he has not the stamp of a Murray on his title page, or the approbation of a Blackwood on the outside cover of his volume. We will not carry the war of our principles against the shrines of genius—they are sacred, most peculiarly so to our heart, and are above the changing phases of the political dramas. Current intelligence shall be regularly given.

The proceedings of Congress will be condensed, and sketches of speeches and speakers given during the Session, with lively outline of events as they transpire at the Seat of Government. In no instance will party politics be allowed to bias the editorial pen, but men will be treated with impartiality, and opinion with the utmost and most delicate respect.

HENRY J. BRENT.

NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Preamble and Constitution of the Native American Association of the United States.

Whereas it is an admitted fact that all Governments are not only capable, but bound by all the principles of national preservation, to govern their affairs by the agency of their own citizens; and we believe the republican form of our Government to be an object of fear and dislike to the advocates of monarchy in Europe, and for that reason, if for none other, in order to preserve our institutions pure and unpoluted, we are imperatively called upon to administer our peculiar system free of all foreign influence and interference. By admitting the stranger indiscriminately to the exercise of those high attributes which constitute the rights of the native born American citizen, we weaken the attachment of the native, and gain naught but the sordid allegiance of the foreigner. The rights of the American, which he holds under the Constitution of the Revolution, and exercised by him as the glorious prerogative of his birth, are calculated to stimulate to action, condense to strength, and cement in sentiment and patriotic sympathy.

Basing, then, the right and duty to confederate on these high truths, we profess no other object than the promotion of our native country in all the walks of private honor, public credit, and national independence; and therefore we maintain the right, in its most extended form, of the native born American, and he only, to exercise the various duties incident to the ramifications of the laws, executive, legislative, or ministerial, from the highest to the lowest post of the Government; and to obtain this great end, we shall advocate the entire repeal of the naturalization law by Congress. Aware that the Constitution forbids, and even if it did not, we have no wish to establish, *ex post facto* laws; the action we seek with regard to the laws of naturalization, is intended to set in a prospective character. We shall advocate equal liberty to all who were born equally free; to be so born, constitutes, when connected with moral qualities, in our minds, the aristocracy of human nature. Acting under these generic principles, we further hold that, to be a permanent people, we must be a united one, bound together by sympathies, the result of a common political origin; and to be national, we must cherish the native American sentiment, to the entire and radical exclusion of foreign opinions and doctrines introduced by foreign paupers and European political agitators. Foreign Kings our gallant forefathers won their liberties—the slaves of Kings shall not win them back again.

Religiously entertaining these sentiments, we as solemnly believe that the day has arrived, when the Americans should unite as brothers to sustain the strength and purity of their political institutions. We have reached that critical period foreseen and prophesied by some of the clear-sighted apostles of freedom, when danger threatens every step that floats on the ocean to our shores; when every wind that blows wafts the ragged paupers to our cities, bearing in their own persons and characters the elements of degradation and disorder. To prevent these evils, we are now called upon to unite our energies. To fight over this great moral revolution, the shadow of our first revolt of glory, will be the duty of the sons of those wars, and we must go into the combat determined to abide by our country; to preserve her honor free from confusion, and her character, as a separate people, high and above the engraftment of monarchical despots.

ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

First. We bind ourselves to co-operate, by all lawful means, with our fellow native citizens in the United States to procure a repeal of the naturalization law.

Second. We will use all proper and reasonable exertions to exclude foreigners from enjoying the emoluments or honors of office, whether under the General or State Governments.

Third. That we will not hold him guiltless of his country's wrong who, having the power, shall place a foreigner in office while there is a competent native willing to accept. Fourth. That we will not, in any form or manner, connect ourselves with the general or local politics of the country, nor aid, nor be the means of aiding, the cause of any politician or party whatsoever, but will exclusively advocate, stand to, and be a separate and independent party of native Americans, for the cause of the country, and upon the principles as set forth in the above preamble and these articles.

Fifth. That we will not, in any manner whatever, connect ourselves, or connect with, any religious, ecclesiastical, or denominational, leaving every creed to its own strength, and every man untrammelled in his own faith; adhering, for ourselves, to the sole cause of the natives, the establishment of a national character, and the perpetuity of our institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

Sixth. That this Association shall be connected with and form a part of such other societies throughout the United States as may now or hereafter be established on the principles of our political creed.

Seventh. That this Association shall be styled the "Native American Association of the United States."

Eighth. That the officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Council of Three, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, a Committee on Addresses to consist of three members, a Treasurer, and such others as may be required under any by-laws hereafter adopted, and whose duties shall be therein defined.

Ninth. That all the foregoing officers shall be elected by this meeting, to serve for one year, except the Committee on Addresses, which shall be appointed by the President.

Tenth. That the President, or, in his absence, the Vice President, or, in the absence of both, the Corresponding Secretary, is authorized to convene a meeting of this Association whenever it may be deemed necessary.

A. LEE'S Lottery and Exchange Office, 5 doors east of the National Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, where he keeps constantly on hand a fine selection of Tickets, in all the various Lotteries now drawing under the management of D. S. Gregory & Co.
All orders promptly attended to.

W. M. BANNERMAN respectfully informs the public, that he continues to execute Engraving in all its various branches; also Copperplate printing.
Aug. 10—1f

SOFA AND CABINET WAREHOUSES.—The subscribers respectfully inform their friends, and the public generally, that they have on hand, and will manufacture to order—

CABINET FURNITURE AND SOFAS.
Of all kinds, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons furnishing will do well to give us a call at our Warehouses, Pennsylvania Avenue, between the Capitol gate and the Railroad depot. Our stock on hand consists of—
Sofas, Lounges, and Sofa Bedsteads
Dressing and Plain Bedsteads
Curling, Column, and Plain Bureaus
Centre, Dining, Side, Pier, Card and Breakfast Tables
Mahogany, Maple, and Poplar Bedsteads
Ladies' Cabinets, Bookcases
Wardrobes, Wash-stands
Mahogany, Rocking, and Parlor Chairs; and every other article in the Cabinet line.

Furniture repaired, and old furniture taken in exchange for new. Funerals attended to, and every requisite furnished.
G. W. DOWNS & Co.
N. B. Individual notes taken in payment of debts, or for furniture.
Aug. 10—1f

SAMUEL DE VAUGHAN,
CUPPER, LEECHER, AND BLEEDER.

HAS on hand, and will constantly keep a large supply of the best Swedish Leeches. He can be found at his residence on 9th street, three doors north of Pennsylvania Avenue, nearly opposite Gunton's Drug Store.
Aug. 26—y

DANIEL PIERCE respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has removed his Umbrella Manufactory to the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, immediately opposite his former stand, and next door to the Native American Hotel. Persons having Umbrellas to cover, or repair, are respectfully solicited to call as above.

P. S. As several Umbrellas have lost the names by removing, the owners would much oblige if they would come and designate their Umbrellas.
Sept. 23—3m

FRENCH LESSONS.—Mons. Abadie has the honor to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, his own native language at his rooms, or private families and academies, at a moderate price. For particulars apply at this office.
Abadie's French grammar and course of French Literature, for sale at all the book-stores.

NOTICE.—J. PERKINS, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to one door east of the Native American Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, where he will be pleased to attend to those who may favor him with their custom. He has employed experienced hands to do Burnish Gilt Looking-glasses, Picture Frames, &c., in fashionable superior style and workmanship. Old frames regilt, as when new; all of which will be supplied to order, at lower prices than can be procured elsewhere.

THE AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY.

A Magazine of Poetry, Biography, and Criticism, to be published Monthly, with splendid illustrations on steel.

WHILE nearly every other country of the old world can boast its collected body of national poetry, on which the seal of a people's favorable judgment has been set, and which exhibits to foreign nations, in the most striking light, the progress of civilization and literary refinement among its inhabitants; while England, especially, proudly displays to the world a corpus poetarum, the lustre of whose immortal wreath has shed a brighter glory upon her name than the most splendid triumphs which her statesmen and her soldiers have achieved, our own country appears to be destitute of poetic honors. Appena, we say, for although no full collection of the *chef d'oeuvre* of our writers has been made, yet there exist, and are occasionally to be met with, productions of American poets which will bear comparison with the noblest and most polished efforts of European genius, and which claim for America as high a rank in the scale of literary elevation as is now conceded to older, and, in some respects, more favored lands.

Impressed with the correctness of this judgment, we propose to issue a monthly magazine which shall contain, in a perfect, unimpaired form, the most meritorious and beautiful effusions of the poets of America, of the past and present time, with such introductory, critical, and biographic notices, as shall be necessary to a correct understanding of the works presented to the reader, and to add desiderata to the public mind. Those who imagine that there exists a dearth of materials for such an undertaking, who believe that the Aonian Muses have confined their richest favors to our transatlantic brethren to the exclusion of native genius, will be surprised to learn that we are already in possession of more than two hundred volumes of the productions of American bards, from about the year 1630 to the present day. Nor is it from these sources alone that materials may be drawn. There are but few writers in our country who pursue authorship as a vocation, and whose works have been published in a collected form. Our poets, especially, have generally written for particular occasions, with the remembrance of which their productions have gone to rest, or their effusions have been carelessly inserted in periodicals of slight merit and limited circulation, where they were unlikely to attract notice to themselves, or draw attention to their authors. The grass of the fields, and the flowers of the wilderness, are scattered over the sales of many of the highly gifted who, through the wild and romantic scenes of the west, have scattered poetry in "Angels, bright from the mind of genius," and glowing with the impress of beauty and the spirit of truth, a quantity sufficient, were it known and appreciated as it would be in other countries, to secure to them an honorable reputation throughout the world. Such were HANNY, author of "Crystallina" and the "Fever Dream;" SANDS, author of "Yanooey;" WILCOX, author of "The Age of Benevolence;" ROBERTSON, author of "The Savage;" LITTLE, the sweet and tender poet of Christian feeling; the lamented BRAINARD, and many beside, whose writings are almost unknown, save by their kindred associates and friends.

With the names of these poets who, within the last few years, have extended the reputation of American literature beyond the Atlantic, Bryant, Dana, Percival, Sprague, Sigourney, Whittier, Willis, &c., the public are familiar; and, to assure the reader, there exists, though long forgotten and unknown, a mine of poetic wealth, rich, varied, and extensive, which will amply repay the labor of exploring it, and add undying lustre to the crown which encircles the brow of American genius. In the publication now proposed, we shall rescue from the oblivion to which they have long been consigned, and emblazon in a bright and imperishable form the numberless "gems of purest ray," with which our researches into the literary treasures of our country have endowed us; and we are confident that every lover of his native land will regard our enterprise as patriotic, and deserving the support of the citizens of the United States, as tending to elevate the character of the country in the scale of nations, and assert its claims to the station to which the genius of its children entitles it. With this conviction we ask the patronage of the community to aid us in our undertaking, conscious that we are meriting its support by exhibiting to the "Age of Benevolence" Robertson, in the giant strength of her Herculean childhood, is destined to cope in the arena of literature with those lands which, for centuries, have boasted their civilization and refinement, and justly exulted in the triumphs of their cherished sons in the noblest field which heaven has opened for human intellect.

THE AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY will contain the complete works of a portion of the following—the most popular of our poetic writers—and of the others the best poems, and such as are least generally known. The following are the names of the contributors: John Quincy Adams, Washington Allston, Joseph Barber, Joel Barlow, Park Benjamin, Elizabeth Bogart, John G. B. Brainerd, James G. Brooks, William Cullen Bryant, Willis Gaylord Clark, Robert S. Coffin, Richard H. Dana, George W. Doane, Joseph Rodman Drake, Timothy Dwight, Elizabeth F. Ellet, Emma C. Embury, Edward Everett, Sumner L. Fairfield, Philip Freneau, William D. Gallagher, Hanna F. Gilman, Eliza Greene, Halcott, John M. Horner, John A. Hillhouse, Charles F. Hoffman, Helen Grenville Neal, John Peabody, B. W. O., James G. Percival, John Pierpont, Edward C. Pinckney, George D. Prentice, J. O. Rockwell, Robert O. Sands, Lydia H. Sigourney, Charles Sprague, J. R. Sulermeister, John Trumbull, Prosper M. Wetmore, John Greenleaf Whittier, Nathaniel P. Willis.

In addition to the poems of the above named authors, selections comprising the best productions of more than four hundred other American writers, will be given as the work progresses. THE AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY will be published on the first Saturday of every month. Each number will contain seventy-two royal octavo pages, printed in the most beautiful manner on paper of superior quality, and two or three portraits, on steel, with other illustrations. Price five dollars per annum, payable in advance. The first number will be published on the 1st of December. Subscriptions received in New York by Wells and Putnam, 81 Broadway, and Griswold and Cambreling, 119 Fulton street. All letters to be addressed, post paid, to RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, Sec. N. Y. Lit. Antiquarian Association, July 29.

THE NEW YORK LIFE Insurance and Trust Company has a capital subscribed of one million of dollars, in consequence of being the depository of the Court of Chancery, and the Surrogate's Courts of the State of New York, as well as of individuals, the business means have increased to upwards of five millions of dollars, as appears by a report of the Master in Chancery, dated 23d of May, 1835.

To persons in public employment, who receive fixed salaries, an institution like this affords a certain mode of securing a sufficient sum for their families at a future day; and it is the object of a payment, besides that of merely making a living, is to accumulate for the support and education of those who may be left behind, it can be realized in this way, without exhausting those energies of mind and person which are usually necessary through the ordinary struggles of life.

A person aged 30 years, whose income is \$1,000 per annum, may, by the appropriation of \$118 a year, secure to his children \$5,000, even if he should die the next day. A husband 30 years old, may provide \$800 for his wife by paying annually the small amount of \$21.80. At 40 years old, a clerk may create a saving fund of \$4,000, for the payment of his debts, by the annual premium of \$37.80. At 60, the same amount may be secured during a period of seven years, for the yearly payment of \$49.10.

In the minor offices of the public service, experience has shown that the salaries are not sufficient to enable the incumbents to lay up any thing, even for the infirmities of age, much less for the maintenance of those who survive. The labors of thirty years are, therefore, productive of only the support of the day, and there are many sensitive and anxious hearts who live for the happiness of their families, that are harassed for years by the dreadful apprehensions of future want.

For such, a Life Insurance Company holds out relief, gives reality to hope, and, by the small economy of a few dollars per month, puts the mind at ease, and affords the means of securing it for ever.

The preliminaries for effecting Insurances are very simple, being merely a declaration of age, health, and other particulars set out in the forms of the office, together with a statement of the physician and friend of the applicant upon some of the same points, the blanks for which will be furnished by the agent in Washington city. As the design of the company is profit on the one side and protection to the other, and its means are a system directed to that end, it only requires a reciprocity of good faith, to produce the mutual result of strength to itself and security to its customers.

Officers in the Navy will also be Insured, either for shore or sea duty; the latter service, however, being with an additional premium, which will depend upon the latitude and climate of the voyage.

Insurance will be made for one year, or any period within seven years, or for life, the premium varying, in either case, according to the terms. The risk of the company will commence with the date of the policy; but no Insurance will be considered valid until the policy is delivered to the insured. Full information will be given upon application, post paid, to HENRY M. MORFIT, Washington City.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING neatly executed at this office.